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Garfield.

In Memoriam.

A Tribute by Mamie Luke.



Class E 687

Book L 95

PATENTED
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An Memoriam.

OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

A TRIBUTE
BY

Annie Luke.



THE Nation is in mourning deep for her dead President !
And Christian nations, everywhere, responsively lament.
O'er length and breadth of this fair land, gloom hangs a
heavy cloud,
Whose sable shadows falling far, all Christendom enshroud.
Here, fifty million souls are bent in wretchedness and woe,
Abroad, the warmest sympathy all Christian people show.
Who was the Nation's President—the People's choice—is dead,
Down-stricken by the dastard hand of Murder fierce and red !—
Who does not blush to think that he who felled our honored chief,
Was e'er a dweller in the land he plunged in deepest grief ?
Down-hurled from proudest place and height attainable by man,
Ere his official life and rule had fairly yet began.
Assassination, fell and dire, most foully struck him down,
The people keenly felt the blow, the king who wears a crown !
Throughout the wide, wide world 'twas felt, wherever Christians
dwell ;
Cried out against in heaven it was, applauded it in hell !
Who of such cold and stony stuff that will not shed a tear
O'er these, our President's remains upon a bloody bier ?
Of prejudice so strong that he will join not heart and hand,
With those who mourn the murdered one throughout the stricken
land ?
Who will not mourn for that brave heart—O bravest of the brave,
When torture racked it through and through, and yawned the dark-
some grave ?

For him who bravely bore the hurt that sapped his sturdy life,
And fought grim Death at fearful odds in long and deadly strife
Whose fortitude in suffering was marvelous and grand—
The chiefest of the virtues this, as such will ever stand !
O who is there with "soul so dead," who does not deeply mourn
Our late elected President, from life so foully torn ?
Who will not mourn with that true wife—O grand, heroic soul !
Bright shines thy name, and high inscribed, 'mong those on Honor's
roll—

Who ne'er throughout that trying time, succumbed to black despair,
But who, when friends around lost heart, displayed a courage rare ?
Whose constancy and perfect faith shone forth resplendently,
Like bright twin stars from out the blue of heaven's high canopy !
For this grand soul who will not shed a sympathetic tear ?
And for her children so bereaved, his aged mother dear ?
O iron hearts and leaden souls that have no tears to shed,
In common with the multitude, and o'er the murdered dead !
But they are few and hard to find, who feel no grief or pain,
The millions mourn throughout the land, and shed their tears like
rain ;

Mourn for their murdered President, all too untimely sent
Out of the world, by ruthless hands on murder foul intent !
And with that noble woman mourn, his children, fatherless,
His mother, too, and pray that He the stricken ones may bless !
His gain o'erlooking, we in pain and sorrow lowly bow—
He was but man, though President, IMMORTAL BEING NOW !
Yet fifty millions, "trumpet tongued, cry out against the deep
Damnation of his taking off," and, execrating, weep !





